

THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.



LONDON:
WILLIAM DARTON AND SON,
HOLBORN HILL.

p 18

17 leaves

No watermark

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Given me by my Father

1843.



THE BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.



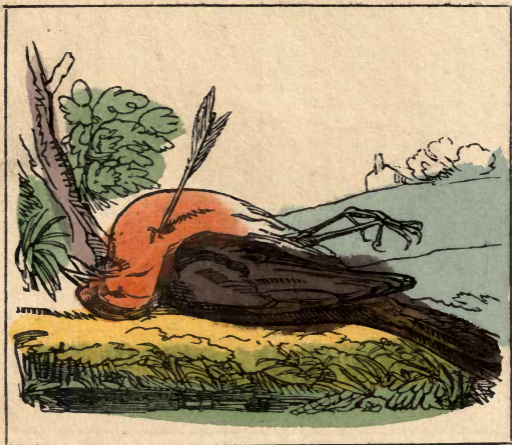
LONDON:
WILLIAM DARTON AND SON,
HOLBORN HILL.

THE
DREAM AND ROMANCE

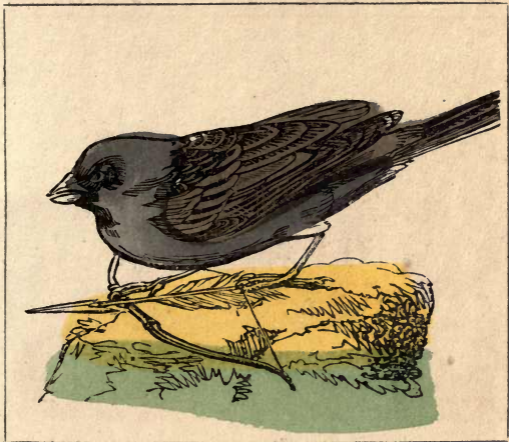
GOOD ROMANCE



LONDON:
WILLIAM DARTON AND SON,
15, BROADWAY.



Here lies Cock Robin,
Dead and cold ;
This book his end
Will soon unfold.



Who kill'd Cock Robin ?

I, said the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow,

And I kill'd Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,

With his bow and arrow.

And I kill'd Cock Robin,

I said the sparrow,

With his bow and arrow,

And I kill'd Cock Robin,

I'll be the sparrow,

With his bow and arrow.

With his little eyes
I said the fly
And I saw him die
With his little eyes
This is the fly
With his little eyes



Who saw him die?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

This is the Fly,
With his little eye.



Who caught his blood ?

I, said the Fish,

With my little dish,

And I caught his blood.

This is the Fish,

That held the dish.

And I caught the blood

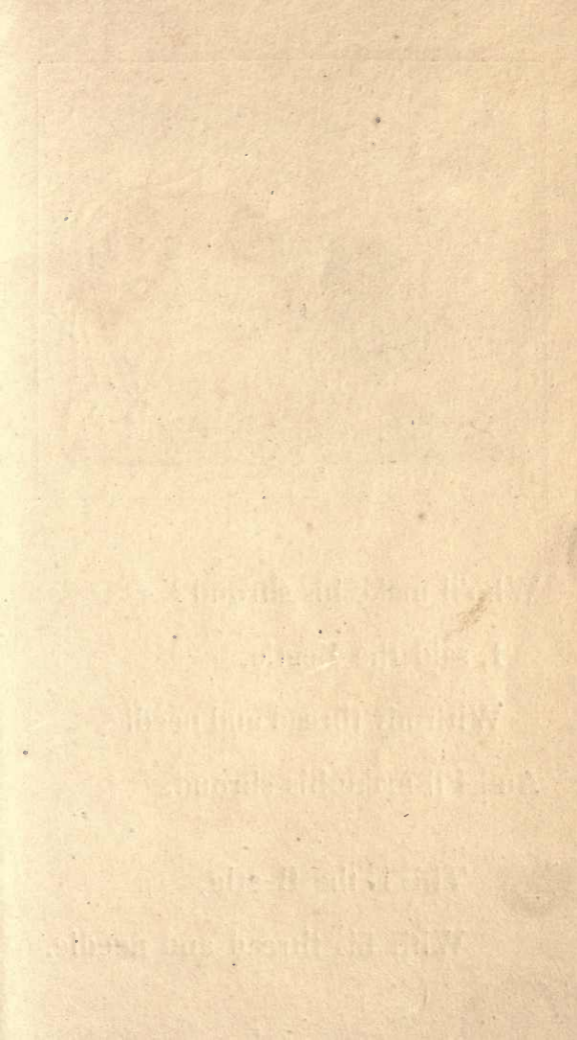
And I held the blood

And I held the blood

And I caught the blood

And I held the blood

And I held the blood





Who'll make his shroud ?

I, said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle,

And I'll make his shroud.

This is the Beetle,

With his thread and needle.



Who'll dig his grave?

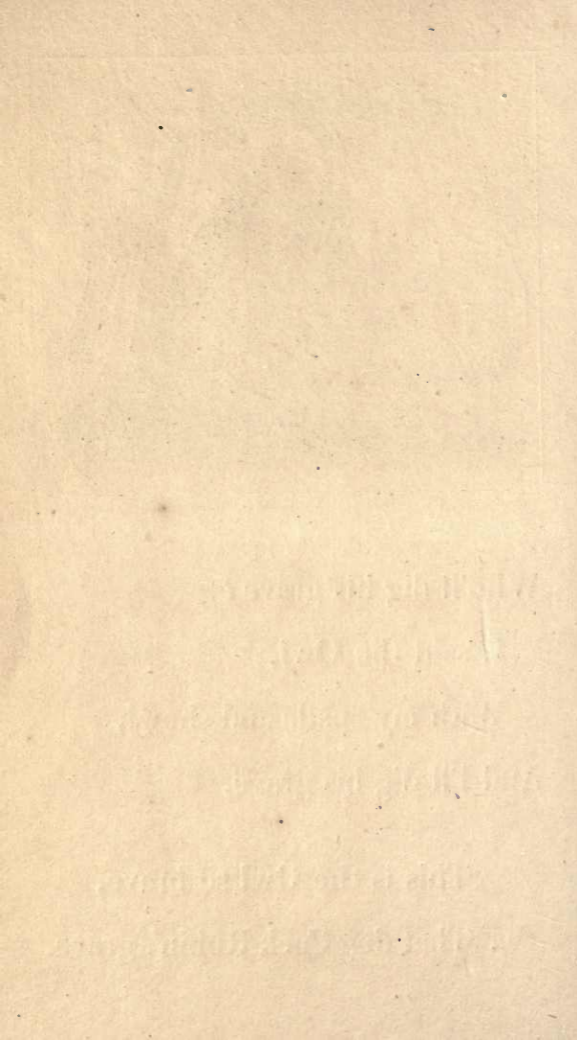
I, said the Owl,

With my spade and shawl,

And I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl so brave,

That dug Cock Robin's grave.





Which is the London
I and the book
Which is the London
and I'll be the London
The London
The London



Who'll be the Parson ?

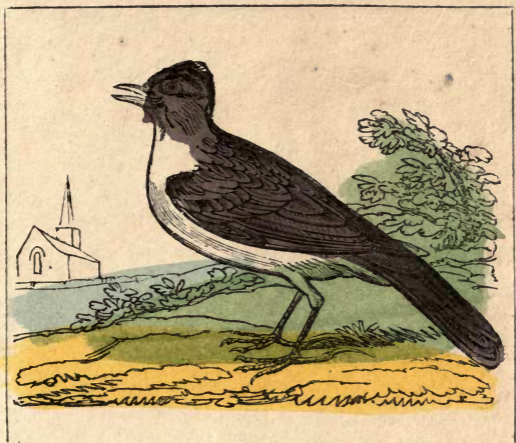
I, said the Rook,

With my little book,

And I'll be the Parson.

Here's Parson Rook,

Reading his book.



Who'll be the Clerk?

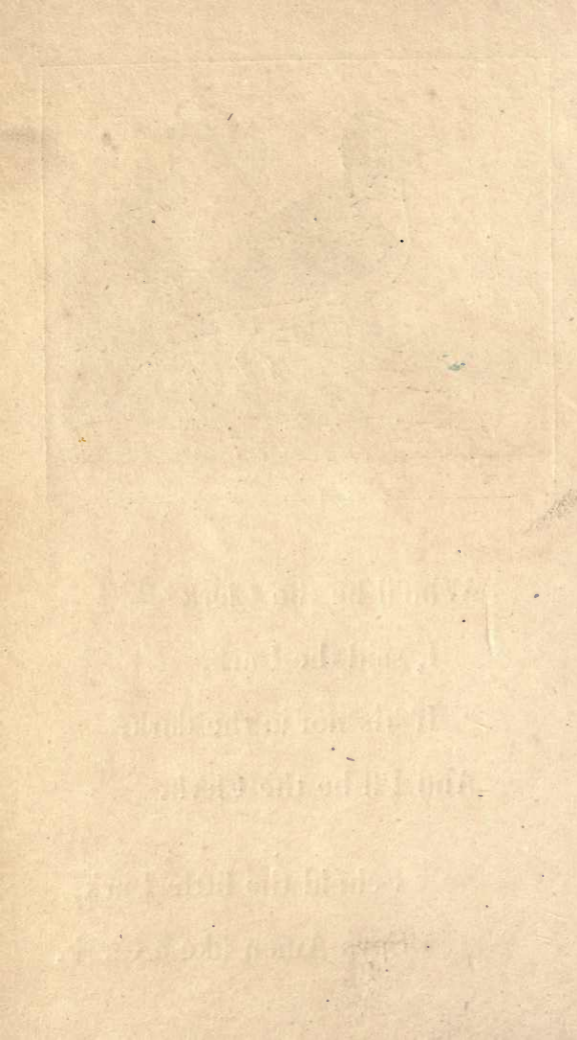
I, said the Lark,

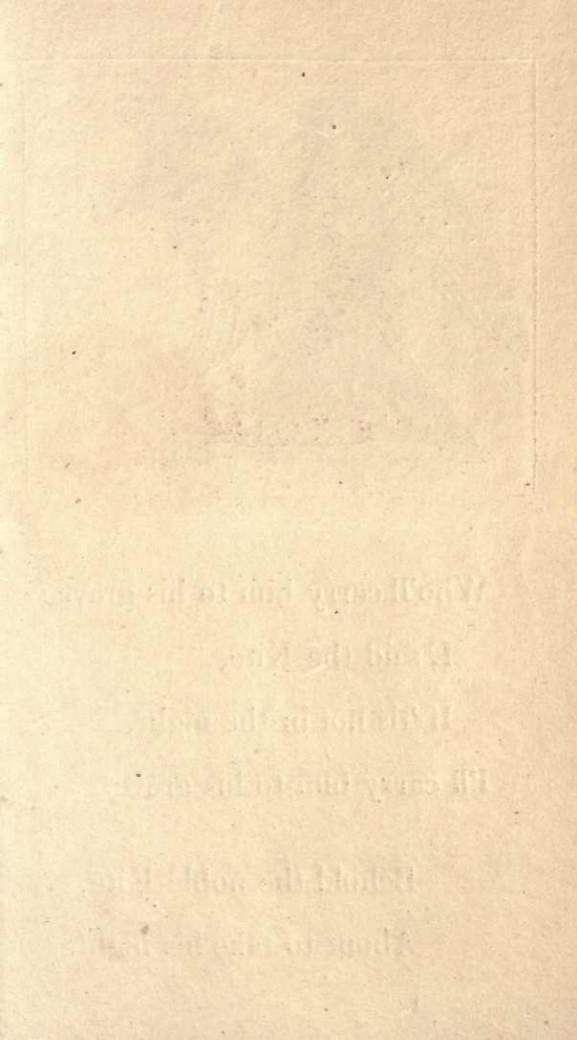
If 'tis not in the dark,

And I'll be the Clerk.

Behold the little Lark,

Says Amen like a Clerk.







Who'll carry him to his grave ?

I, said the Kite,

If 'tis not in the night,

I'll carry him to his grave.

Behold the noble Kite,

About to take his flight.



Who'll carry the link ?

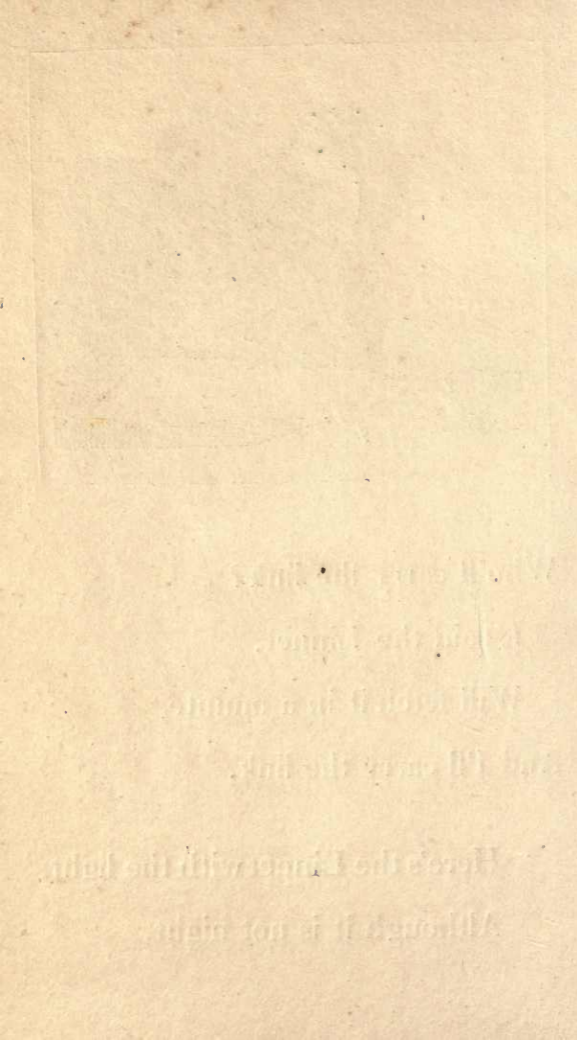
I, said the Linnet,

Will fetch it in a minute,

And I'll carry the link.

Here's the Linnet with the light,

Although it is not night.





Who'll be chief mourner ?

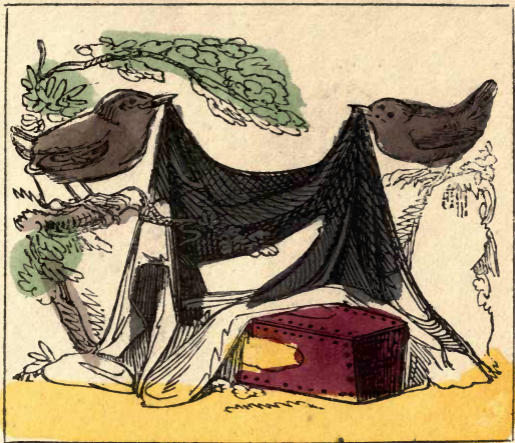
I, said the Dove ;

For I mourn for my love ;

And I'll be chief mourner.

Here's the pretty Dove,

That mourns for her love.



Who'll bear the pall ?

We, say the Wrens,

Both the cock and the hen,

And we'll bear the pall.

Here are the Wrens so small,

Who bore Cock Robin's pall.



Which single part
I said the whole
A horse in the
And all that
Hence the
Singing part in a ball



Who'll sing a psalm ?

I, said the Thrush,

As he sat in the bush ;

And I'll sing a psalm.

Here's a fine Thrush,

Singing psalms in a bush.



Who'll toll the bell ?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull ;

So Cock Robin, farewell.

Here is the Bull,

Who said he could pull.

All the birds in the air

And all the beasts on the ground

And all the fish in the sea

And all the things that grow

All the birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.







